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Ann - Augusta Hall

HYMNS

*Group of Mothers
May 1855.*

FOR

YOUNG PERSONS.

“ Speaking to yourselves in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.”—*Ephes. v. 19.*

LONDON :

JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

MDCCCXXXIV.

LONDON :
R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD-STREET-HILL.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

A collection of Hymns was originally made
in view to supply a work for the use of the
classes in National and Sunday Schools:
the difficulty of selecting those, which are
most suitable for children, led to the abandon-
ment of that design. The want of such a
collection has been very much felt. The only
collections at present on the Catalogue of the Society
for Promoting Christian Knowledge, are WATTS'S
Songs, Easy Hymns for Children, and
Hymns circulated on a broad sheet; and,
though these are excellent in their way, they
are only fit for very young persons. There can

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therefore be no doubt that a book of this kind is greatly wanted; and if this little work should assist any one better qualified in making the selection so much needed, the object of the compiler will be fully answered.

R. H.

May 30th, 1834.

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H Y M N S.

HYMN 1.

“Thy glorious name, which is exalted above all blessing and praise.”—*Nehem.* ix. 5.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal king.

He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound!
The wat'ry worlds He calls his own;
And all the solid ground.

Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

HYMN II.

“Stand up, and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever.”—
Nehem. ix. 5.

STAND up and bless the Lord,
 Ye people of his choice;
 Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
 With heart, and soul, and voice.

Though high above all praise,
 Above all blessing high,
 Who would not fear his holy name,
 And laud, and magnify?

Oh, for the living flame
 From his own altar brought,
 To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
 And wing to heaven our thought!

There with benign regard
 Our hymns He deigns to hear;
 Though unreveal'd to mortal sense,
 The spirit feels Him near.

God is our strength and song,
 And his salvation ours;
 Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd,
 With all our ransom'd powers.

Stand up and bless the Lord,
 The Lord your God adore;
 Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
 Henceforth for evermore.

HYMN III.

“ The preparations of the heart and the answer of the tongue, is from the Lord.”—*Prov.* xvi. 1.

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear :
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

We perish, if we cease from prayer ;
Oh, grant us power to pray !
And, when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way !

Burden'd with guilt, convinc'd of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go ?

God of all grace, we come to Thee,
With broken, contrite hearts ;
Give what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts :—

Give deep humility ;--the sense
Of godly sorrow give ;
A strong, desiring confidence,
To hear thy voice, and live ;

Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone ;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
On Christ, and Him alone ;—

Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay ;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay.

Give these,—and then thy will be done;
 Thus strengthen'd with all might,
 We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
 Shall pray, and pray aright.

HYMN IV.

“Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes.”—*Psalms* cxix. 33.

OH, that the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still!
 Oh, that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will!

Lord! send thy Spirit down, to write
 Thy law upon my heart!
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part!

From vanity turn off my eyes!
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires, arise
 Within this soul of mine!

Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere!
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear!

Make me to walk in thy commands,
 The path my Saviour trod;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God!

HYMN V.

“ Godliness with contentment is great gain.”—I *Tim.* vi. 6.

FATHER! whate’er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies;
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise:

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
 From every murmur free;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And let me live to Thee:

Let the blest hope that I am thine,
 My life and death attend—
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey’s end.

HYMN VI.

“ All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.”—2 *Tim.* iii. 16.

HOW precious is the Book divine,
 By inspiration giv’n!
 Bright, as a lamp, its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heav’n.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears;
 Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.

This lamp through all the tedious night
 Of life shall guide our way,
 ’Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

HYMN VII.

"Neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth;
but God that giveth the increase."—1 *Cor.* iii. 7.

LORD of the harvest! God of grace!

Send down thy heavenly rain;
In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain.

May no vain thoughts, like birds of prey,
Defraud us of our gain;
Nor anxious cares, those baleful thorns,
Choke up the precious grain.

Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock,
Where but the blade can spring;
Which scorch'd with heat becomes by noon
A dead, a useless thing.

Let not the joys thy gospel gives
A transient rapture prove;
Nor may the world, by smiles or frowns,
Our faith and hope remove.

But may our hearts, like fertile soil,
Receive the heavenly word;
So shall our fair and ripen'd fruits
Their hundred-fold afford.

HYMN VIII.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that
bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."—*Isaiah* lii. 7.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

How happy are our ears
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !

How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN IX.

“ Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.”—*Luke ii. 10.*

HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes !
The Saviour promis'd long ;
Let every heart exult with joy,
And every voice be song !

On Him the Spirit, largely shed,
Pours out His sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

He comes ! the prisoners to relieve,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes ! from darkening scales of vice
 To clear the inward sight,
 And on the new-recover'd orb
 To pour celestial light.

He comes ! the broken heart to bind,
 The wounded soul to cure,
 And with the treasures of his grace
 T'enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannahs, Prince of Peace !
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heaven's exalted arches ring
 With thy most honour'd name.

HYMN X.

" The young lions do lack and suffer hunger : but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."—*Psalm xxxiv.* 10.

O KING of earth, and air, and sea,
 The hungry ravens cry to thee ;
 The roaring lions lack and pine ;
 But, God ! thou carest still for thine !

Thy bounteous hand with fruit can bless
 The bleak and lonely wilderness ;
 And thou hast taught me, Lord ! to pray
 For daily bread from day to day !

And oh ! when through the wilds I roam,
 That part me from my heavenly home ;
 When lost in danger, want, and woe,
 My faithless tears begin to flow ;

Do Thou thy gracious comfort give,
 By which alone the soul may live ;
 And grant thy servant, Lord ! I pray,
 The bread of life from day to day.

HYMN XI.

“ O my God, make haste for my help.”—*Psalm lxxi. 12.*

OH, help me, Lord! in all my need,
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help me in thought, and word, and deed,
To thee my God to live.

Oh, help me, when my spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore,
And when my heart is cold and dead,
Oh, help me, Lord, the more.

Oh, help me, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
And still the more thy servant hath,
The more let him receive.

Oh, help me, Jesus! from on high,
I know no help but Thee;
Oh, help me so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

HYMN XII.

“ Behold, all souls are mine.”—*Ezek. xviii. 4.*

O Thou! who hast at thy command,
The hearts of all in every land;
Our wayward, erring hearts incline,
To have no other will but thine.

Our wishes, our desires control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be,
That stand between ourselves and Thee.

Twice bless'd will all our blessings be,
 When we can look through them to Thee;
 When each glad heart its tribute pays
 Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

Still make us, when temptation's near,
 As our worst foe, ourselves to fear:
 Thy word, our safety from alarm,
 Our strength, thine everlasting arm.

And while we to thy glory live,
 May we to Thee all glory give,
 Until the joyful summons come,
 That calls thy willing servants home.

HYMN XIII.

"Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."—*Prov.* xvi. 20.

BESET with snares on every hand,
 In life's uncertain path I stand:
 Saviour divine, diffuse thy light
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage each weak and erring heart
 Early to choose the better part;
 To yield the trifles of a day,
 For joys that none can take away.

Then should the wildest storms arise,
 And tempests mingle earth and skies;
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
 But all my treasures with me bear.

If Thou, my Saviour, still art nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and joyful die:
 Secure, when human comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

HYMN XIV.

“ God is our refuge and strength.”—*Psalm xlv. 1.*

HOW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!

How sure is their defence!

Eternal wisdom is their guide,

Their help, Omnipotence!

In foreign realms, and lands remote,

Supported by thy care,

Through burning climes they pass unhurt,

Or breathe in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetens every soil,

Bids every region please;

The icy mountain top it warms,

And smooths the raging seas.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,

Thy goodness I'll adore;

And praise Thee for thy mercies past,

And humbly hope for more.

My life, while Thou preserv'st my life,

Thy sacrifice shall be;

And death, when death shall be my doom,

Shall join my soul to Thee.

HYMN XV.

“ Lead me in thy truth, and teach me.”—*Psalm xxv. 5.*

BE with me, Lord, where'er I go,

Teach me what Thou wouldst have me do,

Suggest whate'er I think or say,

Direct me in thy narrow way.

Prevent me, lest I harbour pride,
 Lest I in mine own strength confide;
 Show me my weakness, let me see,
 I have my power, my all from Thee.

Assist and teach me how to pray;
 Incline my nature to obey;
 What Thou abhorrest let me flee,
 And only love what pleases Thee.

Oh, may I never do my will,
 But thine, and only thine, fulfil:
 Let all my time, and all my ways,
 Be spent and ended to thy praise.

HYMN XVI.

“ When thine eye is single, thy whole body also is full of light.”—
Luke xi. 34.

HOW blest thy creature is, O Lord,
 When with a single eye
 He views, through the Redeemer's word,
 The day-spring from on high.

See, through the storms that veil the skies,
 And frown on earthly things,
 The Sun of Righteousness arise
 With healing on his wings.

The glorious orb, whose golden rays
 Thy grace and pow'r attest,
 To all the nations light conveys
 From distant east to west.

But, Lord, thy word of truth and love
 Can nobler beams impart;
 And shine with radiance from above,
 On each benighted heart.

HYMN XVII.

"I, the Lord, search the heart."—*Jer.* xvii. 10.

O Thou, to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light;
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee;
Oh, burst these bonds, and set it free!

If in this darksome world I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes nor violence I fear,
Nor fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe;
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Be mine the task to follow Thee!
Oh, let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength shall still be as my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

HYMN XVIII.

"Send out thy light and thy truth."—*Psalms* xliii. 3.

O LORD our God, thy light and truth
To us thy children send,
That we may serve Thee in our youth,
And love Thee to the end.

By nature sinful, weak, and blind,
 The downward path we trod,
 Our wandering heart and wayward mind
 Were enemies to God.

But friends and guardians through thy grace,
 Our heedless steps restrain;
 They teach us, Lord, to seek thy face,—
 Which none shall seek in vain.

Hence to the hills we lift our eyes,
 From which salvation springs;
 O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 With healing in thy wings!

Arise,—and o'er this vale of tears,
 Shine into perfect day;
 Still heavenward, through progressive years,
 Pointing the Christian's way.

HYMN XIX.

“Be clothed with humility.”—1 *Peter* v. 5.

LORD, thy saving grace impart!
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 Let me like my Saviour be,
 Cloth'd with true humility.

Saviour, fix my soul on Thee,
 Ev'ry evil let me flee;
 Nothing may I seek below,
 If thy heavenly truth I know.

Simple, teachable, and mild,
 Gentle as a little child;—
 Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
 Wean'd from all the world besides.

HYMN XX.

"Thou, God, seest me."—*Gen. xvi. 13.*

AMONG the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes;—God is like a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No; for a constant watch He keeps,
On every thought of every soul.

If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet had never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone;
On every side there would be God.

He smiles in heaven; He frowns in hell;
He fills the air, the earth, the sea;—
I *must* within his presence dwell;
I *cannot* from His anger flee.

Yes, I may flee; He shews me where;
To Jesus Christ He bids me fly;
And, while I to his strength repair,
There's only mercy in his eye.

HYMN XXI.

"Leaving us an example, that we should follow his steps."—
1 Peter ii. 21.

WHENE'ER the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!

Oh, how benevolent and kind !
 How mild ! how ready to forgive !
 Be his the temper of our mind,
 And his the rules by which we live !

To do his heavenly Father's will,
 Was his employment and delight :
 Mercy, and love, and holy zeal,
 Shone through his life divinely bright.

Dispensing good where'er He came,
 The labours of his life were love :
 Content on earth He bore our shame,
 And now He pleads for us above.

HYMN XXII.

“ I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.”—
Phil. iv. 11.

THE Christian would not have his lot
 Be other than it is ;
 For while our Father rules the world,
 We know that world is His.

We know that He, who gave us life,
 Will all we need provide ;
 Assur'd that every good we ask
 Is evil, if denied.

When clouds of sorrow gather round,
 Our bosom knows no fear ;
 We know, whate'er our portion be,
 That God will still be there.

And when the threaten'd storm has burst,
 Whate'er the trial be,
 Something still whispers in our heart—
 “ Be still, for it is He ! ”

We know it is a Father's will,
 And therefore it is good,
 And would not venture by a wish,
 To change it—if we could.

Our grateful bosom quickly learns
 Its sorrow to disown ;
 Yields to His pleasure, and forgets
 The choice was not our own.

HYMN XXIII.

“ This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world.”—
Matt. xxiv. 14.

GLORY to God, who gave the word,
 And bade the nations hear ;
 Who caus'd his will to be proclaim'd,
 And brought salvation near !

Oh, may Thy word direct our path,
 And guide our faltering feet ,
 Direct us in the living way,
 And to thy mercy-seat !

Let all Thy children, Lord, be fed
 With Thy eternal word ;
 Wiser and better may we grow,
 And stronger in the Lord.

HYMN XXIV.

“ Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.”—
Psalms cxix. 105.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless riches shine !
 For ever be thy name ador'd,
 For that best gift of thine.

There the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around ;
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.

Oh, may those heavenly pages be
 My first, my chief delight,
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And thank Thee for the sight.

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be Thou for ever near !
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there.

HYMN XXV.

"Thy will be done."—*Matt.* vi. 10.

ONE prayer I have,—all prayers in one,—
 'Tis to be wholly thine !
 Only thy will, O God, be done,
 And let that will be mine !

May I remember, that to Thee,
 Whate'er I have I owe ;
 And back, in gratitude from me,
 May all thy bounties flow.

And though thy wisdom takes away,
 Shall I arraign thy will ?
 No, let me bless thy name, and say,
 "The Lord is gracious still."

Write but my name upon the roll
 Of thy redeem'd above ;
 Then, with my heart, and strength, and soul,
 I'll love Thee for *thy* love.

HYMN XXVI.

“It is I—be not afraid.”—*Matt. xiv. 27.*

WHEN the disciples saw the Lord
On the rough sea appear ;
While round the angry billows roar'd,
Their souls were fill'd with fear.

But soon the gracious Jesus spoke
In words which peace convey'd,
For from his lips these accents broke,—
“ 'Tis I,—be not afraid.”

Great God ! if round my sinking head
The waves of sorrow roll ;
The words which then our Saviour said,
Shall cheer my fainting soul.

I'll think from thee the trials came,
Thy work of grace to aid,
And still shall hear thy voice exclaim,—
“ 'Tis I—be not afraid.”

Thy matchless power can every day
Give blessings and remove ;
But if thou give or take away,
'Tis mercy still and love.

Then round me though the billows roll,
I will not be dismay'd ;
Thy voice shall speak within my soul,—
“ 'Tis I,—be not afraid.”

HYMN XXVII.

"Be careful for nothing."—*Phil. iv. 6.*

FATHER! in all our comforts here,
 Thy gracious hand we see;
 Each blessing to our souls is dear,
 Because conferr'd by Thee.

Thy love the powers of thought bestows;
 To Thee our thoughts would soar;
 Through all our life thy mercy flows,
 That mercy we adore.

When gladness cheers a favour'd hour,
 Thy love our thoughts shall fill;
 Resign'd if storms of peril lower,
 Our souls shall meet thy will.

In ev'ry joy that crowns our days,
 In ev'ry pain we bear,
 Our hearts shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

HYMN XXVIII.

"Lord, remember me."—*Luke xxiii. 42.*

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my soul to Thee;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Good Lord, remember me.

When on my aching, burden'd heart,
 My sins lie heavily,
 Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
 Good Lord, remember me.

When trials sore obstruct my way,
 And ills I cannot flee,
 O let my strength be as my day ;
 Good Lord, remember me.

If, for thy sake, upon my name,
 Shame and reproach shall be,
 All hail reproach, and welcome shame !
 Good Lord, remember me.

When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
 No other help I see ;
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief
 Good Lord, remember me.

When in the solemn hour of death,
 I wait thy just decree,
 Be this the prayer of my last breath,
 Good Lord, remember me.

And when before thy throne I stand,
 And lift my soul to Thee,
 Then with the saints, at thy right hand,
 Good Lord, remember me.

HYMN XXIX.

“ Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving.³—*Psalm* cxlvii. 7.

GOD of my life, I bless thy name,
 Whose power and grace are still the same,
 Mercies on ev’ry side appear,
 Open, and crown, and close the year !

Midst wants unnumber’d, Lord, I stand
 Supported by thy guardian hand ;
 And find, when I survey my ways,
 Where’er I turn, a theme for praise.

Thus far thine arm has led me on,
Through many dangers past and gone!
Cheer'd in the prospect of that rest,
Where the redeem'd are fully blest.

HYMN XXX.

"O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever."—1 *Chron.* xvi. 34.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh, how shall words with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my thankful heart!
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
 It gently clear'd my way,
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
 With health renew'd my face;
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through ev'ry period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 For, oh! Eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

HYMN XXXI.

"Behold, God is mighty."—*Job xxxvi. 5.*

THE Lord our God is full of might,
 The winds obey his will;
 He speaks, and in his heavenly height,
 The rolling sun stands still.

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
 With threatening aspect roar;
 The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
 And chains you to the shore.

His voice sublime is heard afar,
 In distant peals it dies ;
 He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
 And sweeps the trembling skies.

Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend,
 Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
 And bid the choral song ascend,
 To celebrate our God.

HYMN XXXII.

“ God is love.”—1 *John* iv. 8.

OUR Father sits on yonder throne,
 Amidst the hosts above ;
 He reigns throughout the world alone,
 He reigns the God of love.

He knew us, when we knew Him not,
 Was with us, though unseen ;
 His favours came to us unsought,
 His love has wondrous been.

He gives us hope that we shall be,
 Ere long, with Him above ;
 That we shall all his glory see,
 And celebrate his love.

Then let us, while we dwell below,
 Obey our Father's voice ;
 To all his dispensations bow,
 And in his name rejoice.

HYMN XXXIII.

"Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways."—*Psalms* cxxxix. 3.

WHERE'ER I am, whate'er I see,
Eternal Lord, is full of Thee;
I feel Thee in the gloom of night;
I view Thee in the morning light.

When care distracts my anxious soul,
Thy grace can ev'ry thought control;
Thy word can still the troubled heart,
And peace and confidence impart.

If pain invade my broken rest,
Or if corroding griefs molest;
Soon as the Comforter appears
My sighs are hush'd, and dried my tears.

Haste then to cheer my longing eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Dispel the fogs of mental night,
And fill our souls with heavenly light.

HYMN XXXIV.

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ."—*Titus* ii. 13.

WHILE through this changing world we roam
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
And should his heart engage.

From earth his best affections rise,
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,
And love is perfect love.

Oh! there may we our treasure place,
 There let our hearts be found,
 That still, where sin abounded, grace
 May more and more abound.

Henceforth our conversation be
 With Christ before the throne :
 Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
 And know as we are known.

HYMN XXXV.

“ I will bless the Lord at all times.”—*Psalm xxxiv. 1.*

HAPPY the man, whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God, who made the sky,
 And earth and sea with all their train ;
 He saves the oppress'd, He feeds the poor,
 His truth for ever stands secure,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath ;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 While immortality endures.

HYMN XXXVI.

Hosanna to the Son of David : Blessed is he that cometh in the
 name of the Lord ; Hosanna in the highest.”—*Matt. xxi. 9.*

WHEN Jesus left his Father's throne,
 He chose an humble birth ;
 Like us, unhonour'd and unknown,
 He came to dwell on earth.

Like Him, may we be found below
 In wisdom's path of peace ;
 Like Him, in grace and knowledge grow,
 As years and strength increase.

Jesus pass'd by the rich and great,
 For men of low degree ;
 He sanctified our parents' state,
 For poor, like them, was He.

Sweet were his words, and kind his look,
 When mothers round Him press'd ;
 Their infants in his arms He took,
 And on his bosom bless'd.

Safe from the world's alluring harms,
 Beneath his watchful eye,
 Thus in the circle of his arms,
 May we for ever lie.

When Jesus into Salem rode,
 The children sang around ;
 For joy they pluck'd the palms, and strow'd
 Their garments on the ground.

And we have learn'd to love his name ;
 That name divinely sweet,
 May every pulse through life proclaim,
 And our last breath repeat.

HYMN XXXVII.

" Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."—*Rev. v. 12.*

COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

“Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,
 “To be exalted thus:”

“Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
 “For He was slain for us.”

Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
 Through air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN XXXVIII.

“Jesus Christ—who gave himself for our sins.”—*Gal. i. 3, 4.*

COME, thou long expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in Thee:
 Israel’s strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth Thou art;
 Speaking peace to every nation,
 Joy to every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver;
 Born a child, and yet a King;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring:

By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN XXXIX.

“The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light.”—
Isaiah ix. 2.

THE race that long in darkness pin’d
 Have seen a glorious light ;
 The people now behold the dawn,
 Who dwelt in death and night.

To hail thy rising, Sun of Life,
 The gath’ring nations come,
 Joyous, as when the reapers bear
 Their harvest-treasures home.

For Thou our burden hast remov’d ;
 The oppressor’s reign is broke ;
 Thy fiery conflict with the foe
 Has burst his cruel yoke.

To us the promis’d Child is born ;
 To us the Son is giv’n ;
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 And all the hosts of heav’n.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
 For evermore ador’d,
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The mighty God and Lord.

His pow’r increasing still shall spread,
 His reign no end shall know ;
 Justice shall guard his throne above,
 And peace abound below.

HYMN XL.

"Fear not . for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."—
Luke ii. 10.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he—for mighty dread
 Had seiz'd their troubled mind—
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.

"To you, in Bethlehem this day,
 Is born of David's line,
 A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
 And this shall be the sign :

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
 To human view display'd,
 All meanly wrapt in swaddling bands,
 And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
 Appear'd a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God; who thus
 Address'd their joyful song :

"All glory be to God on high!
 And on the earth be peace!
 Goodwill, henceforth, from Heaven to men,
 Begun—shall never cease."

HYMN XLI.

“A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.”—*Isaiah liii. 3.*

JESUS, thou man of sorrows, born
To suffering here below,
To toil through poverty and scorn,
Through weakness and through woe.

Immanuel ! who, by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Hast liv'd to yield our wants relief,
And to redeem us, died !

If gaily cloth'd and proudly fed,
In careless ease we dwell ;
Remind us of thy manger-bed,
And lowly cottage cell.

If press'd by penury severe,
In envious want we pine,
May conscience whisper in our ear,
A poorer lot was thine.

Midst all the wily snares of sin,
Preserve us firm and free :
As Thou, like us, hast tempted been,
May we prevail like Thee.

HYMN XLII.

“We spend our years as a tale that is told.”—*Psalms xc. 9.*

AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past ;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

Much of my fleeting life is gone,
 Nor will return again ;
 And swift my passing moments run,
 The few that yet remain.

Awake, my soul ; with utmost care
 Thy true condition learn :
 What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
 And what thy great concern ?

Now a new scene of time begins,
 Set out afresh for heaven ;
 Seek pardon for thy former sins,
 In Christ so freely given.

Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And on his grace depend ;
 With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
 Nor doubt a happy end.

HYMN XLIII.

“ If it bear fru’t, well : and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down.”—*Luke* xiii. 9.

SEE, in the vineyard of the Lord,
 A barren fig-tree stands ;
 No fruit it yields, no blossom bears,
 Though planted by his hands.

From year to year the tree he views,
 And still no fruit is found ;
 Then “ cut it down,” the Lord commands,
 “ Why cumberst it the ground ?”

But lo ! the gracious Saviour pleads—
 “ The barren fig-tree spare,
 Another year in mercy wait,
 It yet may bloom and bear ;

“ But if my culture prove in vain,
 And still no fruit be found,
 I plead no more ; destroy the tree,
 And root it from thy ground.”

HYMN XLIV.

“ Multitude of years should teach wisdom.”—*Job xxxii. 7.*

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
 Of the revolving year !
 How swift the weeks complete their rounds !
 How short the months appear !

So fast eternity comes on,
 And that important day,
 When all, that mortal life has done,
 God's judgment shall survey.

Waken, O Lord, my slumbering heart,
 Its great concern to see ;
 That I may act the Christian part,
 And give the year, to Thee.

So shall their course more grateful roll,
 If future years arise ;
 Or this shall bear my willing soul
 To joy that never dies.

HYMN XLV.

“ A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people
 Israel.”—*Luke ii. 32.*

GLORY be to God on high,
 God, whose glory fills the sky ;
 Peace on earth, to man forgiv'n,
 Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n.

Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thine almighty grace we sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

Hail! by all thy works ador'd,
Hail! the everlasting Lord!
Thee, with thankful hearts, we prove,
Lord of power, and God of love.

Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Redeemer, Thou!
Jesus, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take my sins away.

HYMN XLVI.

When He, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth."—*John xvi. 13.*

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
That we may know and choose thy way,
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we may ne'er from Thee depart.

Conduct us by thy heavenly care,
Far from each dark and dangerous snare;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray;—

Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of joy,
Where pleasure dwells without alloy.

HYMN XLVII.

“ There are three that bear witness in earth, the Spirit, and the Water, and the Blood.”—1 *John* v. 8.

O THOU, whom neither time nor space
Can comprehend, unseen, unknown,
Nor faith in boldest flight can trace,
Save through thy Spirit and thy Son!

And Thou, that from thy bright abode,
To us in mortal weakness shewn;
Didst graft the manhood into God,
Eternal, co-eternal Son!

And Thou, whose unction from on high
By comfort, light, and love, is known!
Who with the Parent Deity,
Blest Spirit, art for ever one!

Great first and last! thy blessing give,
And grant me faith, thy gift alone,
To love and praise thee while I live,
And do whate'er Thou wouldst have done!

HYMN XLVIII.

“ Before Him shall be gathered all nations.”—*Matt.* xxv. 32.

GREAT God! what do I see and hear,
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead, which they contain'd before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

HYMN XLIX.

"Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die."—*Isaiah xxxviii. 1.*

HARK, my gay friend! that solemn toll
Speaks the departure of a soul.
'Tis gone. That's all—we know not where,
Nor how th' unbodied soul doth fare.

Swift flies the soul;—perhaps 'tis gone
Ten thousand leagues beyond the sun,
Or twice ten thousand leagues, thrice told,
Ere the forsaken clay is cold.

We talk of heav'n, we talk of hell:
But what these mean, no tongue can tell.
Heav'n is the realm, where angels are,
And hell the chaos of despair.

But, oh! what world shall I survey
The moment that I leave this clay?
How sudden the surprise, how new!
Let it, my God, be happy too.

HYMN L.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—
Eccles. ix. 10.

HOW swift the torrent rolls,
That hastens to the sea!
How strong the tide that bears our souls
On to eternity!

To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand;
And, if its sun arise, and shine,
It shines by thy command.

On Thee our hearts repose
 With steadfast hope and love,
 Content, if thou, when time shall close,
 Shalt bear our souls above.

To Thee, who reign'st on high,
 Eternal pow'r belongs,
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And everlasting songs.

One thing demands our care,
 Oh, be it still pursued ;
 Lest, slighted once, the season fair
 Should never be renew'd.

We sound thy praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing ;
 We claim thee our redeeming God,
 Our Saviour, and our King.

HYMN LI.

“ Thou, LORD, only makest me dwell in safety.”—*Psalm* iv. 8.

THROUGH this day thy love has spar'd us ;
 Now we lay us down to rest ;
 Through the silent watches guard us !
 Let no foe our peace molest !—
 Jesus, then our guardian be !
 Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers
 Dwelling in the midst of foes,
 Us, and ours, preserve from dangers !
 In thine arms may we repose.
 And, when life's brief day is past,
 Rest with Thee in heav'n at last !

HYMN LII.

“The lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.”—
Psalm cxli. 2.

FATHER of mercies! let my song
 Like ev'ning incense rise;
 Assist the offerings of my tongue
 To reach the lofty skies.

Through all the dangers of the day,
 Thy hand was still my guard;
 And still to keep each want away,
 Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

Perpetual blessings from above
 Demand perpetual praise;
 But, oh! what poor returns of love,
 How faint the song I raise!

Lord, with this sinful heart of mine,
 To thy blest cross I flee;
 And to thy grace my soul resign,
 To be renew'd by Thee.

HYMN LIII.

“For thy name's sake, lead me and guide me.”—*Psalm xxxi. 3.*

AS every day, thy mercy spares,
 Will bring its trials or its cares,
 O Saviour, till my life shall end,
 Be Thou my counsellor and friend;
 Teach me thy precepts all divine,
 And be thy great example mine.

When each day's scenes and labours close,
 And wearied nature seeks repose,
 With pardoning mercy, richly blest,
 Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest :
 And as each morning sun shall rise,
 Oh, lead me onward to the skies !

And at my life's last setting sun,
 My conflicts o'er, my labours done,—
 Jesus, thine heav'nly radiance shed,
 To cheer and bless my dying bed,—
 And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
 To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

HYMN LIV.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray."—*Psalms* lv. 17.

MY God, how endless is thy love !
 Thy gifts are every evening new ;
 And morning mercies, from above,
 Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my soul to thy command,
 To Thee I consecrate my days ;
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN LV.

“Examine yourselves.”—2 *Cor.* xiii. 5.

EACH evening to myself I say—
 “My soul, where hast thou glean’d to-day?
 Thy labours how bestow’d?
 What hast thou rightly said, or done,
 What grace attain’d, or knowledge won,
 In following after God?”

HYMN LVI.

“To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath.”—*Exod.* xvi. 23.

SAFELY through another week,
 God hath brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek
 For th’ approaching Sabbath-day;
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

Mercies, multiplied each hour,
 Gracious Lord, our praise demand;
 Guarded by thy mighty power,
 Nourish’d by thy bounteous hand:
 Now from worldly care set free,
 May we rest this night with Thee.

When the morn shall bid us rise,
 Make us feel thy presence near;
 Let thy glory meet our eyes,
 When we in thy house appear;
 Oh, may all our Sabbaths prove
 Foretastes of the joys above.

HYMN LVII.

“The Sabbath of rest.”—*Lev. xxiii. 3.*

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 Let young and old rejoice;
 To Him be vows and homage paid,
 Whose service is our choice.

This is the temple of the Lord;
 How dreadful is this place!
 With meekness let us hear his word,
 With reverence seek his face.

This is the homage He requires,—
 The voice of praise and prayer,
 The soul's affections, hopes, desires,
 Ourselves and all we are.

While rich and poor for mercy call,—
 Propitious from the skies,
 The Lord, the Maker of them all,
 Accepts the sacrifice.

Well pleas'd through Jesus Christ the Son,
 From sin He grants release;
 According to their faith 'tis done,
 He bids them go in peace.

HYMN LVIII.

“God blessed the seventh day.”—*Gen. ii. 3.*

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
 Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest;
 When, like his own, he bade our labours cease;
 And all be piety, and all be peace.

Let us devote this consecrated day
 To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
 In pure religion's hallow'd duties share,
 And join in penitence, and join in prayer.

So shall the God of mercy, pleas'd, receive
 That only tribute man has power to give;
 So shall he hear, while fervently we raise
 Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

Father of heav'n! in whom our hopes confide,
 Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide;
 In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
 Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

HYMN LIX.

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I
 in the midst of them."—*Matt. xviii. 20.*

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat;
 Whene'er they seek thee, thou art found,
 And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

For Thou, within no walls confin'd,
 Inhabitest the humble mind;
 Such ever bring thee where they come,
 And going, take thee to their home.

Oh, may we prove the pow'r of prayer,
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but Thou art near,
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
 Oh! rend the heavens, come quickly down,
 And make a thousand hearts thine own.

HYMN LX.

"Praise is comely for the upright."—*Psalm xxxiii. 1.*

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
Let no vain cares disturb my breast;
But all my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his wondrous works and word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

O Thou, from whom all blessings flow,
Teach me to praise Thee here below:
Thy praises be my blest employ,
In mansions of eternal joy.

HYMN LXI.

"Call to remembrance the former days."—*Heb. x. 32.*

AS o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis, that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepar'd to die.

The world, and worldly things belov'd,
My anxious thoughts employ'd;
And time unhallow'd, unimprov'd,
Presents a fearful void.

Yet, holy Father, blind despair
 Chase from my lab'ring breast ;
 Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
 That grace can do the rest.

My life's brief remnant all be thine !
 And when thy sure decree
 Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
 Oh, let me rest with Thee !

HYMN LXII.

“To God, only wise, be glory, through Jesus Christ.”—*Rom. xvi. 27.*

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word ;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN LXIII.

BEFORE A CHARITY SERMON FOR A NATIONAL SCHOOL.

CONGREGATION.

IN sacred songs your voices raise,
 To sing the great Redeemer's praise ;
 Yet who, but saints in heaven above,
 Can tell the riches of his love ?

CHILDREN.

'That love on little children's head,
 Its blessing has benignly shed ;
 Bids e'en the young to hope for grace,
 And seek the glories of his face.

Blest Shepherd of the sheep ! he feeds
 The hungry, he the wand'ring leads ;
 Deigns in his arms the young to bear,
 And makes them his peculiar care.

CONGREGATION.

Saviour ! to thy paternal care
 These helpless innocents we bear ;
 And pray for grace and strength, that they
 And we may keep our heavenward way.

HYMN LXIV.

BEFORE A CHARITY SERMON FOR A NATIONAL SCHOOL.

CONGREGATION.

'THE glorious beams of gospel light
 Dispel the dark uncertain night,
 Adorn the lofty mountain's brow,
 And cheer the humbler vale below.

Children of poverty, no more
 The darkness of your state deplore !
 Divine instruction sheds her ray,
 To guide you on your homeward way.

CHILDREN.

We hear, we hear the welcome word,
 And bless in willing songs the Lord,
 Who makes us, helpless as we are,
 Objects of his paternal care.

Oh, may we by his grace be led,
 The sacred paths of truth to tread :
 To shun the sinner's dang'rous way,
 To love, and worship, and obey !

CHILDREN AND CONGREGATION.

Lord of all power and might ! oh, hear
 Our suppliant voice and earnest prayer ;
 Prosper the work of love, and bless
 Our humble labours with success.

HYMN LXV.

BEFORE A CHARITY SERMON.

CONGREGATION.

OH ! 'tis a joyful sight to see
 A Christian people all agree,
 And gladly pay, with one accord,
 A common worship to the Lord.

How sweet in the Redeemer's sight,
 When his disciples thus unite
 In faith, and prayer, and works of love,
 Like his assembled saints above.

CHILDREN.

What's given to us, to Him ye lend,
 To Him, the poor man's Guide and Friend ;
 And He, on the appointed day,
 The loan, with interest, will repay.

True Charity from heaven distils,
 Like the rich dews on Hermon's hills ;
 Whose genial drops refresh the ground,
 And scatter plenty all around.

WHOLE CONGREGATION.

Oh, may at length the gospel bind
 In sacred concord all mankind ;
 Till earth's united tribes shall raise
 One universal song of praise !

HYMN LXVI.

BEFORE A CHARITY SERMON.

CHILDREN.

O THOU, that from the mouth of babes
 Art wont of old to perfect praise,
 Almighty Father, hear the song
 Which we, thy helpless servants, raise.

CONGREGATION.

How blest are they, who, early taught
 To know and love thy word of truth,
 Far from the haunts of sinners spend
 The tranquil morning of their youth.

CHILDREN.

And blest are they, whose care forbids
 The youthful Christian's feet to stray,
 Unfolds the Book of Truth, and there
 To life eternal points the way.

WHOLE CONGREGATION.

Hear, Lord, thy children's prayer; and still
 Let the full tide of bounty flow:
 That thousands yet unborn may learn
 Thy will, and all thy mercies know.

HYMN LXVII.

BEFORE A CHARITY SERMON.

CHILDREN.

WHO from Satan's dark dominion,
 From a sinful heart's control,
 From the thrall of false opinion,
 Who shall free the helpless soul?
 Blind and wand'ring,
 Clouds of darkness round it roll.

CONGREGATION.

Lo! a star of light and healing
Shines athwart the dismal gloom,
Scenes of life and joy revealing,
Scenes of joy beyond the tomb.
'Tis the Saviour,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

CHILDREN.

To that Saviour guide, oh, guide us,
Through the paths of truth divine!
Let all earthly ills betide us,
Jesus, if we be but thine!
Holy Jesus,
On our erring footsteps shine!

CONGREGATION.

Let not thy command be broken;
"Suffer them to come to me;
For of such, (the word is spoken)
Must my Father's kingdom be."
Lo, we bring them,
Saviour, to be bless'd by thee!

H Y M N S.

PART II.

HYMN LXVIII.

“ I will sing unto thee among the nations.”—*Psalms* lvii. 9.

OH for a thousand tongues to sing
Our great Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of our God and King,
The triumphs of his grace !

Jesus ! that name dispels our fears,
And bids our sorrows cease ;
Most grateful in the sinner's ears,
Our life, our health, our peace !

Hear Him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy !

Dear Shepherd of thy people, here
Thy presence now display !
As thou hast giv'n a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray !

HYMN LXIX.

"While I live, will I praise the Lord."—*Psalm cxlvi. 2.*

GOD of my life, through all its days,
My grateful tongue shall sound thy praise;
My lips shall wake with dawning light,
My song shall cheer the dreary night.

Should anxious cares disturb my rest,
Or grief assail my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, rais'd on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And shew the thanks I cannot speak.

But, oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains
Which echo through the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round Thy throne.

HYMN LXX.

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."—1 *John i. 9.*

LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

Our contrite spirit, pitying see,
 True penitence impart,
 And let a healing ray from Thee,
 Shed hope upon the heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
 May we our wills resign,
 And not a thought our bosom share
 That is not wholly thine.

HYMN LXXI.

“The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit.”—*Psalm li. 17.*

THOUGH I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
 Oh, still his saving help afford :
 And still may I approach thy throne,
 To plead the merits of thy Son.

A broken heart, my God, my King,
 Is all the sacrifice I bring;
 The God of grace will ne'er despise
 A broken heart for sacrifice.

My soul lies humbled in the dust,
 And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
 And save the soul condemn'd to die.

Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
 Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace ;
 I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
 And they shall praise a pardoning God.

HYMN LXXII.

“ Pray without ceasing.”—1 *Thess.* v. 17.

TO prayer ! to prayer ! for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker’s smile awakes ;
His light is on all below, above,
The light of gladness, of life, of love :
Oh ! then on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer ! for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on ;
Like a curtain, from Heaven’s kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose :
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give the last thought to the Guardian of night.

To prayer ! for the day that God has blest,
Comes tranquilly on with its ’promis’d rest :
It speaks of creation’s early bloom,
It speaks of the Prince, who burst the tomb :
Then summon the Spirit’s exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallow’d hours.

HYMN LXXIII.

“ Teach us to pray.”—*Luke* xi. 1.

PRAYER is the soul’s sincere desire,
Utter’d, or unexpress’d ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant-lips can try;
 Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air;
 His watch-word at the gates of death;
 He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways;
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

The saints in prayer appear as one,
 In word, and deed, and mind;
 While with the Father, and the Son,
 Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
 The Holy Spirit pleads,
 And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
 For mourners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
 The life, the truth, the way!
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
 Lord, teach us how to pray!

HYMN LXXIV.

"What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."—*Mark xi. 24.*

WHAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy seat!
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there?

Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
 Gives exercise to faith and love;
 Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
 Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
 Success was found on Israel's side;
 But when through weariness they fail'd,
 That moment Amalek prevail'd.

Have you no words? ah, think again,
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
 With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
 To heav'n in supplication sent,
 Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
 "Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

HYMN LXXV.

"Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still."—
Psalm iv. 4.

HOW sweet to wait upon the Lord,
 In still and secret prayer!
 What, though no preacher speak the word,
 A teacher's voice is there;

A heavenly guide of wondrous skill,
 True graces to impart;
 Who teaches all the Father's will,
 And preaches to the heart.

He dissipates the coward's fears,
 And bids the coldest glow ;
 He speaks ; and lo ! the softest tears
 Of deep contrition flow.

He knows to bend the heart of steel,
 He bows the loftiest soul ;
 O'er all we think and all we feel,
 How great is his control !

And ah ! how precious is his love,
 In tenderest touches given :
 It whispers of the bliss above,
 And stays the soul on heaven.

O Lord, to thee we e'er will pray,
 And praise thee as before ;
 For this thy glorious gospel-day,
 Teach us to praise thee more.

HYMN LXXVI.

" Save me, O God ; for the waters are come in unto my soul."—
Psalm lxxix. 1.

GOD of my life, to thee I call,
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail !

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
 Where but with Thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor ?

Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
 Does not the word still fix'd remain,
 That none shall seek thy face in vain ?

Oh, then regard my only plea ;
 I have an advocate with thee :
 They whom the world caresses most,
 Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
 And he is safe, and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

HYMN LXXVII.

“ My righteousness shall be for ever, and my salvation from
 generation to generation.”—*Isaiah* li. 8.

O GOD of mercies ! by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed ;
 Who through this weary pilgrimage
 Hast all our fathers led ;

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
 Before thy throne of grace :
 God of our fathers ! be the God
 Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wandering footsteps guide ;
 Give us each day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.

Oh, spread thy covering wings around,
 Till all our wanderings cease,
 And at thine ever-blest abode,
 Our souls arrive in peace.

HYMN LXXVIII.

“ The children of Israel had light in their dwellings.”—*Exod. x. 23.*

WHEN darkness once, by God's command,
Envelop'd haughty Egypt's land,
Throughout that long and fearful night,
In Israel's dwellings all was light.

So to the righteous light shall rise,
Though clouds and tempests wrap the skies,
And faith triumphant mock the gloom
That gathers round the silent tomb.

Then grant us, Lord, while here we rove,
Thy will to know, thy ways to love,
To prove the riches of thy grace,
And view the brightness of thy face :

Till, guided thus in all our way,
And cheer'd by thy celestial ray,
We reach, at last, that heavenly height,
Where all is peace, and joy, and light.

HYMN LXXIX.

“ You, that were sometime alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled.”—*Col. i. 21.*

HOW wretched was our former state,
When slaves to Satan's sway,
With hearts disorder'd and impure,
O'erwhelm'd in sin we lay !

But, O, my soul ! for ever praise,
For ever love His name,
Who turn'd thee from the fatal paths
Of folly, sin, and shame.

Vain and presumptuous is the trust
Which in our works we place ;
Salvation from a higher source
Flows to the human race.

'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin ;
His mercy sav'd our souls from death,
And wash'd our souls from sin.

HYMN LXXX.

“ Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.”—
Prov. iii. 17.

O, BLEST religion, heavenly fair,
Thy kind, thy healing power,
Can sweeten pain, and lighten care ;
And gild each gloomy hour.

When dismal thoughts and boding fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature fears,
An universal shade,—

Thy secret whispers can assuage
The tempest of my soul ;
The fiercest storm shall lose its rage
At thy divine control.

Through life's bewilder'd, darksome way,
Thy hand unerring leads ;
And o'er the path thy heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

When feeble reason, tir'd and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid,
Thou best supporter of the mind,
How powerful is thy aid!

Oh! let my heart confess thy power,
 And find thy sweet relief,
 To brighten ev'ry gloomy hour,
 And soften ev'ry grief.

HYMN LXXXI.

“Lord, save us: we perish.”—*Matt.* viii. 25.

WHEN thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
 When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
 Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
 We fly to our Maker! “Save, Lord, or we perish!”

O Jesus! once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
 Arous'd by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
 Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
 Who cries in his anguish, “Save, Lord, or we perish!”

And, oh! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
 When sin in our hearts his wild warfare is waging,
 Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to cherish,
 Rebuke the destroyer; “Save, Lord, or we perish!”

HYMN LXXXII.

“Unto God would I commit my cause.”—*Job* v. 8.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears?
 Or tremble at thy gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears?

No; rather let me freely yield
 What most I prize to Thee,
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Nor wilt withhold from me.

Thy favour, all my journey through,
 Thou hast engag'd to grant;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.

HYMN LXXXIII.

“Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound.”—
Psalms lxxxix. 15.

SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 In hopeless state we lay,
 But we arise by grace divine
 To see a heavenly day.

Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN LXXXIV.

“What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?”—*Matt. xvi. 26.*

WHAT is the thing of greatest price
 The whole creation round?—
 That which was lost in Paradise,—
 That which in Christ was found.

God, to reclaim it, did not spare
 His well-beloved Son ;
 Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear
 The sins of all in One.

And is this treasure borne below,
 In earthly vessels frail ?
 Can none its utmost value know,
 Till flesh and spirit fail ?

Then let us gather round the cross
 This knowledge to obtain,
 Not by the soul's eternal loss,
 But everlasting gain.

HYMN LXXXV.

“ I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.”—
Psalm xvii. 15.

WHAT sinners value, I resign ;
 Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine ;
 Let me but see thy blissful face,
 And taste thy perfect righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show ;
 But the bright world to which I go
 Hath joys substantial and sincere :
 When shall I wake, and find me there ?

O glorious hour ! O bless'd abode !
 I shall be near and like my God !
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

HYMN LXXXVI.

“Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.”—
Ephes. i. 3.

BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
 The Father of our Lord !
 Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
 His majesty ador'd !

When from the dead He rais'd his Son,
 And call'd Him to the skies,
 He gave our souls a lively hope,
 A hope that never dies.

To an inheritance divine,
 He calls our hearts away ;
 'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
 And never shall decay.

Saints by the power of God are kept
 Till the salvation come :
 We walk by faith, as strangers here,
 Till Christ shall call us home.

HYMN LXXXVII.

“Lord ! if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.”—*Matt. viii. 2.*

LORD ! whose love, in power excelling,
 Wash'd the leper's stain away ;
 Jesus ! from thy heavenly dwelling,
 Hear me, help me, when I pray.

From the stain of vice and folly,
 From unguarded passion's rage,
 Evil thoughts and hopes unholy,
 Heedless youth and selfish age.

From desires, whose deep pollutions
 Adam's primal taint disclose,
 From the tempter's dark intrusions,
 Restless doubt and blind repose ;

From the heart's ill-chosen treasure,
 From all care that's base and mean,
 From the world, its pomp and pleasure—
 Jesus ! Master ! make me clean.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

“ Save us, O God of our salvation.”—1 *Chron.* xvi. 35.

LORD of mercy and of might,
 Of mankind the life and light ;
 Maker, teacher infinite—
 Jesus, hear and save !

Great Creator, Saviour mild,
 Humbled to a mortal child :
 Captive, beaten, bound, revil'd—
 Jesus, hear and save !

Borne from earth on angels' wings,
 'Thron'd above celestial things,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings--
 Jesus, hear and save !

Soon to come to earth again,
 Judge of angels and of men,
 Hear me now, and hear me then—
 Jesus, hear and save !

HYMN LXXXIX.

“Your life is hid with Christ in God.”—*Col. iii. 3.*

JESUS, Saviour of my soul,
 Let me to thy presence fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,—
 Oh, receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
 All my help from Thee I bring,
 Cover my defenceless head,
 With the shadow of thy wing.

Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 Full of sin and guilt I am,
 'Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all our sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.

HYMN XC.

“Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise
with healing in his wings.”—*Mal.* iv. 2.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o’er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near:
Day-star, in my heart appear!

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day’s return,
Till thy mercy’s beams I see;
They can inward light impart,
Cheer my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit, Lord, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Cleanse me with thy grace divine,
Help my guilty unbelief;
And thyself with power display,
Shining to the perfect day.

HYMN XCI.

“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace—good will
toward men.”—*Luke* ii. 14.

HARK! the herald angels sing
“Glory to the new-born King,”
Veil’d in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleas’d as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.

Lo! he lays his glories by,
 Born that man no more may die;
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.
 Hark! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the incarnate King!"

Hail the heav'n-born "PRINCE OF PEACE!"
 Hail the SUN of Righteousness!
 Ris'n with healing in his wings,
 Light and life to all he brings;
 Hark! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the ascended King!"

HYMN XCII.

"The great day of his wrath is come."—*Rev. vi. 17.*

THE day of wrath! that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 What power shall be the sinner's stay?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll;
 When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;—

Oh, on that day, that dreadful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

HYMN XCIII.

“ Arise, shine ; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.”—*Isaiah* lx. 1.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide, where our Infant Redeemer is laid !

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favour secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide, where our Infant Redeemer is laid !

HYMN XCIV.

“ Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah ? ”—*Isaiah* lxiii. 1.

BOUND upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He ?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,

By the side so deeply pierc'd,
 By the baffled burning thirst,
 By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
 Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
 Dread and awful, who is He?
 By the sun at noon-day pale,
 Shivering rocks, and rending veil;
 By earth that trembles at his doom,
 By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
 By Eden, promis'd ere he died,
 To the felon at his side;
 Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
 Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
 Sad and dying, who is He?
 By the last and bitter cry,
 By that dying agony,
 By the lifeless body laid
 In the chamber of the dead;
 By the mourners come to weep
 Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
 Crucified! we know thee now,
 Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
 Dread and awful, who is He?
 By the prayer for them that slew,
 "Lord, they know not what they do!"
 By the spoil'd and empty grave,
 By the souls he died to save,
 By the conquest he hath won,
 By the saints before his throne,
 By the rainbow round his brow,
 Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

HYMN XCV.

“There shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars.”—*Luke xxi. 25.*

IN the sun, and moon, and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
'Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise;
Wilder storms the mountains sweep,
Louder thunders rock the skies.

Dread alarms shall shake the proud,
Pale amazement, restless fear;
And, amid the thunder-cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear!

But, though from his awful face
Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, his chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh.

HYMN XCVI.

“He is risen.”—*Matt. xxviii. 6.*

JESUS Christ is risen to-day! Hallelujah.
Our triumphant holiday—
Who endur'd the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

Hymns of praises let us sing
Unto Christ our heav'nly King;
For the pains which he endur'd,
Our salvation have procur'd.

Lo! He rises, Mighty King!
 Where, O death! is now thy sting?
 Lo! He claims his native sky,
 Grave! where is thy victory?

Jesus Christ is risen to-day!
 Our triumphant holiday:
 Loud the song of triumph raise,
 Sing your great Redeemer's praise. Hallelujah.

HYMN XCVII.

"It is the Spirit that quickeneth."—*John vi. 63.*

COME, Holy Ghost! our souls inspire,
 And lighten with celestial fire!
 Thou the Anointing Spirit art,
 Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart;
 Thy blessed unction from above
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable with perpetual light,
 The darkness of our bounded sight;
 Anoint our heart, and cheer our face,
 With the abundance of thy grace;
 Keep far our foes; give peace at home,—
 Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
 And Thee of both, to be but one;
 That through the ages all along,
 This theme may form our endless song:—
 Praise be to thine eternal merit,
 O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

HYMN XCVIII.

“These three agree in one.”—1 *John* v. 8.

FATHER of Heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne I humbly bend,
To me thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son! Incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before thy throne I humbly bend,
To me thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
Before thy throne I humbly bend,
To me thy quickening power extend.

Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son—
Mysterious Godhead! three in one!
Before thy throne I humbly bend,
Grace, pardon, life to me extend.

HYMN XCIX.

“Let us keep the feast.”—1 *Cor.* v. 8.

MY God, and is thy table spread,
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy sweetness know.

Why are its blessings all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

Let crowds approach, with hearts prepar'd,
 With hearts inflam'd let all attend ;
 Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
 The pleasure or the profit end.

Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
 And bid our drooping graces live ;
 And more,—that energy afford,
 A Saviour's blood alone can give.

HYMN C.

“ As for man, his days are as grass.”—*Psalm ciii.* 15.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and wither'd to the ground ;
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound :—

“ Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,
 Where, like us, he blighted fell,)
 Hear the lesson we are reading ;
 Mark the awful truth we tell :

“ Youth, on length of days presuming,
 Who the paths of pleasure tread,
 View us, late in beauty blooming,
 Number'd now among the dead.

“ What though yet no losses grieve you,
 Gay with health and many a grace,
 Let not cloudless skies deceive you ;
 Summer gives to autumn place.”

On the tree of life eternal,
 O let all our hopes be laid !
 This alone, for ever vernal,
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

HYMN CI.

“ Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble.”—
Job xiv. 1.

ONE human pair, and only one,
 Were form'd in youthful prime ;
 All else that e'er beheld the sun,
 Were children in their time ;

For each a mother's pangs were borne,
 And many a father's eye
 Wept o'er his infant born to mourn,
 His infant born to die.

With millions, life was but a spark,
 Extinct as soon as fir'd ;
 Others, just glancing from the dark,
 Wept, smil'd, look'd round, retir'd.

Millions and millions more have pass'd
 Life's various pilgrimage,
 While death at all his arrows cast,
 And slew of every age.

Of these what multitudes untold
 Have never known their God,
 But blind, and ignorant, and bold,
 In paths of ruin trod !

What guiltier multitudes have known,
 Yet scorn'd Him, or denied ;
 Liv'd to themselves and sin alone,
 And as they liv'd, they died !

May we hold fast the faithful word,
 And all our time redeem ;
 Live, while we live, unto the Lord,
 Die, when we die, to Him.

HYMN CII.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."—
Psalm cxvi. 15.

THOU art gone to the grave,—but we will not deplore thee;

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
 The Saviour has pass'd through its portals before thee,
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave,—we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave,—and its mansion forsaking,
 Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long;
 But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
 And the song which thou heardest was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave,—but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
 When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
 He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
 Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

HYMN CIII.

"There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest."—*Job iii. 17.*

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
 And thy saintly soul is flown
 Where tears are wip'd from every eye,
 And sorrow is unknown;

From the burthen of the flesh,
 And from care and fear releas'd,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er,
 And borne the heavy load,
 But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
 To reach his bless'd abode ;
 Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus
 Upon his Father's breast,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
 Nor doubt thy faith assail,
 Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
 And the Holy Spirit fail ;
 And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
 Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

“ Earth to earth,” and “ dust to dust,”
 The solemn priest hath said ;
 So we lay the turf above thee now,
 And we seal thy narrow bed :
 But thy spirit, brother, soars away
 Among the faithful blest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,
 Whom thou hast left behind,
 May we, untainted by the world,
 As sure a welcome find ;

May each, like thee, depart in peace,
 To be a glorious guest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

HYMN CIV.

“Your fathers, where are they?”—*Zech. i. 5.*

HARK! 'tis the bell with solemn toll,
 That speaks the spirit's flight
 From earth, to realms of endless day,
 Or everlasting night.

“Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,”
 Sin's awful curse demands;
 Oh, well! if pure before the throne,
 The soul accepted stands.

Oh, well!—for if uncleans'd from guilt
 Through Christ's atoning blood,
 With what dismay must she behold
 The presence of her God!

To live through an eternal death,
 Eternal woe to bear!—
 Father of mercy! God of grace!
 Inspire and hear our prayer.

From sin, the sting of death and hell,
 From enmity to Thee,
 Extend thine own almighty arm,
 To set the bond slaves free.

So when the bell with solemn toll,
 Shall speak *our* spirit's flight,
 Angels their glad approach shall hail
 To realms of bliss and light.

HYMN CV.

“The righteous hath hope in his death.”—*Prov. xiv. 32.*

HOW bless'd the righteous, when he dies!
When sinks his weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer-cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm, which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Dissever'd from the lifeless clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
“How bless'd the righteous, when he dies!”

HYMN CVI.

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”—*Rev. xiv. 13.*

BLESSINGS a voice from heaven proclaims,
To all the pious dead!
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in Jesus, and are bless'd,
 How sweet their slumbers are!
 From sufferings and from sins releas'd,
 And freed from every snare.

No cloud those blissful regions know,
 For ever bright and fair;
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known,
 Nor sun's declining ray;
 But glory from the sacred throne
 Spreads everlasting day.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
 For thy bright courts on high;
 Then bid our spirits rise and join
 The chorus of the sky.

HYMN CVII.

“ Let me die the death of the righteous.”—*Numb.* xxiii. 10.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face—
 Oh, how shall I appear!

If now, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought:

When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclos'd
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 Oh, how shall I appear!

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
 Ere yet it be too late ;
 And let my Saviour's dying groans
 Give all those sorrows weight !

For never shall my soul despair
 Thy mercy to procure,
 Who knows thy only Son has died
 To make that pardon sure !

HYMN CVIII.

“ That thou doest, do quickly.”—*John* xiii. 27.

THAT awful hour will soon appear,
 Swift on the wings of time it flies,
 When all that grieves or pleases here
 Will vanish from my closing eyes.

Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence,
 And none resist the fatal dart ;
 Continual warnings strike my sense ;
 And shall they fail to strike my heart ?

Think, O my soul ! how much depends
 On the short period of a day ;
 Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,
 Be negligently thrown away ?

Thy remnant minutes strive to use !
 Awake ! rouse every active power !
 And not in dreams and trifles lose
 This little—this important hour.

Lord of my life ! inspire my heart
 With heav'nly ardour, grace divine ;
 Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
 For strength, and life, and death are thine.

O teach me the celestial skill
 Each awful warning to improve !
 And while my days are shortening still,
 Prepare me for the joys above.

HYMN CIX.

“ I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning.”—*Psalm lix.* 16.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir ;
 May your devotion me inspire,
 That I, like you, my age may spend,
 Like you, may on my God attend.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
 Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,
 And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say ;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN CX.

"At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto thee."—*Psalm cxix.* 62.

MY God, I now from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

Bless'd angels, while we silent lie,
Your Hallelujahs sing on high;
You, joyful, hymn the Ever-blest,
Before the throne, and never rest.

I with your choir celestial join,
In offering up a hymn divine;
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.

O may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand!
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

All praise to Thee, in light array'd,
Who light thy dwelling-place hast made:
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

Bless'd Jesus, Thou on heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent;
Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN CXI.

'I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.'—*Psalms* iv. 8.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

O let me still on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that my soul may active make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

O may my Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed, his vigils keep;
His love angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN CXII.

“The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him.”—*Psalms* xxxiv. 7.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light!
 Who the day for toil hast given;
 For rest the night!
 May thine angel-guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet in mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes to tend us
 The live-long night!

HYMN CXIII.

“Blessed be the name of God for ever and ever.”—*Dan.* ii. 20.

BLESSED be thy name for ever,
 Thou of life the guard and giver!
 Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
 Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
 God of stillness and of motion,
 Of the desert and the ocean,
 Of the mountain, rock, and river,
 Blessed be thy name for ever!

Thou, who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
 Blest are they thou kindly keepest!
 God of evening's parting ray,
 Of midnight gloom, and dawning day,
 That rises from the azure sea,
 Like breathings of eternity!
 God, of life the guard and giver,
 Blessed be thy name for ever!

HYMN CXIV.

“ I was in the Spirit on the Lord's-day.”—*Rev.* i. 10.

THIS is the day the Lord hath blest,
The day to us in mercy given ;
The holy Sabbath of his rest,
Earnest and type of rest in heaven.

This day within thy courts, O Lord !
Thy saints delight to seek thy face ;
To sing thy praises, hear thy word,
Unfold their wants, and ask thy grace.

May I the blest assembly join,
To God devote this sacred day ;
My earthly cares and thoughts resign,
Look up to heaven and learn the way.

May I by every Sabbath grow
In grace, humility, and love ;
Thus, by thy holy rest below,
Made fitter for thy rest above !

HYMN CXV.

“ Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and bless the Lord.”—
Psalms cxxxiv. 2.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day ;
Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord ! we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above :
Oh, that we might that rest attain
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain !

In thy bless'd kingdom we shall be
 From every mortal trouble free;
 No sighs shall mingle with the songs
 Resounding from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes,
 No cares to break the long repose,
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long-expected day, begin !
 Dawn on this world of woe and sin :
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 To sleep in death, and rest in God.

HYMN CXVI.

“ Call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord.”—*Isaiah* lviii. 13.

DEAR is the hallowed morn to me,
 When village bells awake the day;
 And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
 Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,
 Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord;
 To feel devotion's soothing power,
 And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear to me the loud Amen
 Which echoes through thy blest abode;
 Which swells, and sinks, and swells again,
 Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

And dear the rustic harmony,
 Sung with the pomp of village art;
 That holy, heavenly, melody,
 The music of a thankful heart.

Then dear to me the Sabbath morn,
 The village-bells, the Shepherd's voice ;
 These oft have found my heart forlorn,
 And always bid that heart rejoice.

HYMN CXVII.

“ From even unto even shall ye celebrate your Sabbath.”—
Levit. xxiii. 32.

IS there a time, when moments flow
 More peacefully than all beside,
 It is of all the times below,
 A sabbath eve in summer-tide.

Oh, then the setting sun smiles fair,
 And all below and all above,
 The different forms of nature wear
 One universal garb of love.

If heaven be ever felt below,
 A scene so heavenly sure as this,
 May cause a heart on earth to know
 Some foretaste of celestial bliss.

Delightful hour ! how soon will night
 Cast her dark mantle o'er thy reign !
 And morning,—quick returning light,
 Must call us to the world again !

Yet shall there dawn at last a day,
 A Sun that never sets shall rise ;
 Night will not veil his ceaseless ray ;
 The heavenly sabbath never dies.

HYMN CXVIII.

“ Six days thou shalt labour, and do all thy work : but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord.”—*Deut.* v. 13, 14.

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another sabbath is begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath bless'd.

Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the sure pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

In holy duties, let the day
In holy pleasures pass away ;
How sweet a sabbath, thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

HYMN CXIX.

“ From everlasting to everlasting thou art God.”—*Psalms* xc. 2.

JEHOVAH, thou hast been our God,
All-powerful, wise, and good, and just ;
In every age, our safe abode,
Our hope, our refuge, and our trust.

Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or spread the starry heavens abroad,
Or form'd the varied face of earth,
From everlasting thou art God.

Great Father of eternity,
 How short are ages in thy sight!
 A thousand years, how swift they fly,
 Like one short silent watch of night.

Teach us to count our shortening days,
 And, with true diligence apply
 Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
 That we may learn to live and die.

HYMN CXX.

"I trust in the mercy of God for ever and ever."—*Psalm lii. 8.*

WHEN earthly comforts die,
 And thorns o'erspread the road,
 Whither, oh! whither shall I fly,
 But unto Thee, my God!

When anxious thoughts arise,
 And sorrows compass round,
 Amidst ten thousand enemies,
 In Thee my help is found.

Then at thy feet I'll bow,
 And in thy mercy trust:
 If I am sav'd, how good art Thou!
 And if I perish, just!

Perish!—It cannot be,
 Since Christ has shed his blood;
 The promise is both rich and free,
 And He will make it good.

HYMN CXXI.

"Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known."—*Psalms* lxxvii. 19.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

God's purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

HYMN CXXII.

"The whole earth is full of his glory."—*Isaiah* vi. 3.

I PRAIS'D the earth, in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green;
I prais'd the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield:

But earth and ocean seem'd to say,
 "Our beauties are but for a day!"

I prais'd the sun, whose chariot roll'd
 On wheels of amber and of gold;
 I prais'd the moon, whose softer eye
 Smil'd sweetly through the summer sky:
 But moon and sun in answer said,
 "Our days of light are numbered."

O God! O good beyond compare!
 If these thy meaner works are fair!
 If these thy bounties gild the span
 Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
 How glorious must those mansions be
 Where thy redeemed dwell with thee!

HYMN CXXIII.

"I know the things that come into your mind, every one of them."—*Ezek. xi. 5.*

JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
 To thee my thoughts would soar;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
 That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see;
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferr'd by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

HYMN CXXIV.

"I will sing unto the Lord, because he hath dealt bountifully with me."—*Psalm* xiii. 6.

FATHER, Redeemer, Comforter divine,
Humbly I bow before thy sacred shrine :
Accept the homage that thy servant pays
Of undivided thanks, united praise ;
For all those mercies, which at birth began,
And ceaseless flow'd through life's extended span ;
Upheld my frame through all the varied scene,
Gave health to cheer through many a day serene ;
Knowledge imparted clearly to discern,—
How little here below the wisest learn !
Taught me my time and talents to employ,
In such pursuits as neither hurt nor cloy ;
Gave means sufficient for each useful end,
The poor to succour, or assist a friend ;
Led me this truth in Scripture to descry,
That the sure hope of immortality,
Which only can the fear of death remove,
Flows from the fountain of redeeming love.

HYMN CXXV.

"Extol Him that rideth upon the heavens by his name JAH, and rejoice before him."—*Psalm* lxviii. 4.

THOU art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the opening shades of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven;
 Those hues, that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes:
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
 And every flower the summer wreathes,
 Is born beneath that kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

HYMN CXXVI.

"He changeth the times and the seasons."—*Dan. ii. 21.*

WHEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing
 soil;
 When summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's
 toil;
 When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the
 flood;
 In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns its Maker
 good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love
the shade ;
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy
glade ;
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his
way ;
The moon and stars their Maker's name, in silent pomp,
display.

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,
Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?
No ! let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease
to be,
Thee, Father, will I always love, and, Saviour, honour
thee.

The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of summer
fade,
The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake the
shade ;
The winds be lulled—the sun and moon forget their old
decree,
But still in nature's latest hour, O Lord ! I'll cling to
thee.

HYMN CXXVII.

“ I sat down under his shadow with great delight.” — *Canticles* ii. 3.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God!

There, like the nightingale, she pours
 Her solitary lays;
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet source of light divine,
 And (all harmonious names in one)
 My Saviour, Thou art mine!

What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
 A boundless, endless store,
 Shall echo through the realms above
 When time shall be no more.

HYMN CXXVIII.

“I am the good Shepherd.”—*John* x. 11.

JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep!
 Thy little flock in safety keep!
 The flock for which thou cam’st from heaven,
 The flock for which thy life was given.

Thou saw’st them wandering far from thee,
 Secure, as if from danger free;
 Thy love did all their wanderings trace,
 And brings them to a wealthy place.

O guard thy sheep from beasts of prey,
 Preserve them that they may not stray;
 Cherish the young, sustain the old;
 Let none be feeble in thy fold.

Secure them from the scorching beam,
 And lead them to the living stream;
 In verdant pastures let them lie,
 And watch them with a shepherd's eye.

Oh, may thy sheep discern thy voice,
 And in its sacred sound rejoice;
 From strangers may they ever flee,
 And know no other guide, but Thee!

HYMN CXXIX.

"Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."—
Rev. v. 13.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
 Hail, thou Galilean King!
 Thou didst suffer to release us,
 Thou didst free salvation bring.

Still for sinners thou art pleading,
 "Spare them yet another year;"
 Thou for saints art interceding,
 Till in glory they appear.

Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
 Christ is worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.

Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
 Help to chaunt our Master's praise.

HYMN CXXX.

“ Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him.”—
Rev. i. 7.

LO! He comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain!
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train!
 Hallelujah!
 Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

Every eye shall now behold Him,
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty!
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see!

When the solemn trump has sounded,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away;
 All who hate Him must, confounded,
 Hear the summons of that day;
 Come to judgment!
 Come to judgment! come away.

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
 High on thine eternal throne!
 Let thy saints stand then before thee;
 Make thy righteous sentence known!
 O come quickly,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own!

HYMN CXXXI.

“The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.”—*Isaiah xi. 9.*

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

HYMN CXXXII.

“Come over into Macedonia and help us.”—*Acts xvi. 9.*

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;

From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain—
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted,
 The lamp of light deny?
 Salvation! Oh, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 'Till each remotest nation
 Has learn'd Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 'Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 'Till o'er our ransom'd nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN CXXXIII.

“God is the rock of my refuge.”—*Psalms* xciv. 22.

O GOD! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth receiv'd her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
 Are like an evening gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night,
 Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their lives and cares,
 Are carried downwards by the flood,
 And lost in following years.

O God! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

HYMN CXXXIV.

"O that I were as in months past!"—*Job xxix. 2.*

OH! for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb!

Return, O holy Dove! return,
 Sweet messenger of rest;
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
 And drove Thee from my breast.

Shew me some token of thy love,
 My fainting hope to raise,
 And pour thy blessings from above,
 That I may render praise.

The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN CXXXV.

“The whole family in heaven and earth.”—*Eph.* iii. 15.

COME, let us join our friends above,
 Who have obtain'd the prize,
 And on the eagle wings of love
 To joys celestial rise.

Let saints below in concert sing
 With those to glory gone;
 For all the servants of our King
 In heav'n and earth are one.

One family, we dwell in him,
 One church, above, beneath;
 Though now divided by the stream—
 The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow;
 Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
 And part are crossing now.

E'en now to their eternal home
 Some happy spirits fly;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And soon expect to die!

Lord Jesus, be our constant guide;
 Then, when the word is giv'n,
 Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
 And land us safe in heav'n.

HYMN CXXXVI.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—*Heb. iv.*

LORD, I believe a rest remains
 To all thy people known;
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And thou art lov'd alone.

Celestial Spirit, make me know
 That I shall enter in;
 Now, Saviour, now thy power bestow,
 And wash me from my sin.

Remove this hardness from my heart,
 This unbelief remove;
 To me the rest of faith impart,
 The sabbath of thy love.

Come, O my Saviour, come away,
 Into my soul descend;
 No longer from thy creature stay,
 My author and my end.

HYMN CXXXVII.

"A better country, that is, an heavenly."—*Heb. xi. 16.*

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign,
 Perpetual day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flow'rs;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heav'nly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dress'd in living green:
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood
 While Jordan roll'd between.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we all our doubts remove,
 These gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With clear and stedfast eyes!

Could we but climb where Moses stood
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

“We have a building of God.”—2 *Cor.* v. 1.

AS when the weary traveller gains
 The height of some commanding hill,
 His heart revives, if o'er the plains
 He sees his home, though distant still.

While he surveys the much-lov'd spot,
 He slights the space that lies between;
 His past fatigues are all forgot,
 Because his journey's end is seen.

Thus, when the christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

The thought of home his spirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor future scenes of hardship fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

Saviour, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode,
Assur'd that heav'n will make amends
For all our trials on the road.

HYMN CXXXIX.

“In thy presence is fulness of joy.”—*Psalm xvi. 11.*

WHAT tongue can tell, what fancy paint,
The joys that fill th' enraptur'd saint;
When, mix'd with heaven's triumphant throng,
He shares their bliss and swells their song.

He feels no sorrow, knows no care,
For God himself is present there;
He sees his Saviour as he is,
And dwells in heav'n with him and his.

No darkness now obscures his mind;
The darkness all is left behind:
And objects lately half conceal'd
In full resplendence stand reveal'd.

His love, so cold, so mix'd before,
In heav'n is cold and mix'd no more;
It gains the region whence it came,
And lives a pure ethereal flame.

Oh! may I reach that blest abode,
 Where saints obtain their rest in God!
 For this let ev'ry conflict here,
 As nothing in my sight appear.

HYMN CXL.

“ Fear not, for I am with thee and will bless thee.”—*Gen.* xxvi. 24.

YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
 Be mercy all your theme;
 Mercy, which like a river flows,
 In one perpetual stream.

“ Fear not ” the powers of earth and hell,
 God will those powers restrain;
 His arm shall all their rage repel,
 And make their efforts vain.

“ Fear not ” that He will e'er forsake,
 Or leave his work undone;
 He's faithful to his promises,
 And faithful to his Son.

“ Fear not ” the terrors of the grave,
 Or death's tremendous sting;
 He will from endless wrath preserve,
 To endless glory bring.

HYMN CXLI.

“ Cast thy burden upon the LORD, and he shall sustain thee.”
Psalms lv. 22.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few,
 On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
 Experienc'd every human pain;
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
 To flee the good I would pursue,
 Or do the sin I would not do,—
 Still He, who felt temptation's power,
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
 Deceiv'd by those I priz'd too well,
 He shall his pitying aid bestow,
 Who felt on earth severer woe,
 At once betray'd, denied, or fled,
 By those that shared his daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
 And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies,
 Yet He, who once vouchsaf'd to bear
 The sickening anguish of despair,
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
 Which covers all that was a friend,
 And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
 Divides me for a little while,
 My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
 For "Jesus wept" o'er Lazarus dead.

And, Oh! when I have safely pass'd
 Through every conflict but the last,
 Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
 My dying bed, for Thou hast died:
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away.

HYMN CXLII.

"To die is gain."—*Phil. i. 21.*

WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

'Tis not, that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still;—

It is, that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

It is, that hope with ardour glows,
To see Him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

It is, that harass'd conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
And sees, though far, the hand that heals
And ends the strife within.

Oh, let me wing my hallow'd flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share!

HYMN CXLIII.

“ My meditation of him shall be sweet.”—*Psalm civ. 34.*

WHEN languor, or disease, or age,
 Invade this house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
 And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of his love ;
 Sweet to look upward to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to reflect, how grace divine
 My sins on Jesus laid ;
 Sweet to remember, that his blood
 My debt of suff'ring paid.

Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
 Which saves from second death ;
 Sweet to experience day by day
 His Spirit's quick'ning breath.

Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end ;
 Sweet on his covenant of grace
 For all things to depend.

Sweet in the confidence of faith,
 To trust his firm decrees ;
 Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
 And know no will but his.

If such the sweetness of the streams,
 What must the fountain be,
 When saints and angels draw their bliss
 Immediately from thee !

HYMN CXLIV.

“ Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.”
Isaiah xxxv. 3.

CHILDREN of God, who, pacing slow,
 Your pilgrim-path pursue
 In strength and weakness, joy and woe,
 To God’s high calling true :

Why move ye thus with ling’ring tread,
 A doubtful, mournful band ?
 Why faintly hangs the drooping head ?
 Why fails the feeble hand ?

Oh, weak to know a Saviour’s power,
 To feel a Father’s care !
 A moment’s toil, a passing shower,
 Is all the grief ye share.

The Lord of life, though, veiled awhile,
 He hides his noontide ray,
 Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile
 And gild the closing day.

And bursting through the dusky shroud
 That dared his power invest,
 Rise, throned in light, o’er ev’ry cloud,
 And guide you to your rest.

HYMN CXLV.

“ This do in remembrance of me.”—1 *Cor.* xi. 24.

IF human kindness meets return,
 And owns the grateful tie ;
 If tender thoughts within us burn,
 To feel a friend is nigh,—

Oh! shall not warmer accents tell
 The gratitude we owe
 To Him who died, our fears to quell,
 Our more than orphan's woe!

While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd
 Those pangs He would not flee;
 What love his latest words display'd,
 "Meet and remember me!"

Remember Thee! thy death, thy shame,
 Our sinful hearts to share!
 O memory! leave no other name
 But His recorded there!

HYMN CXLVI.

"This do in remembrance of me."—*Luke* xxii. 19.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
 Strong in thy grace, my dying Lord,
 I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heav'n shall be;
 Thy sacramental cup I'll take,
 And thus remember Thee.

Gethsemane can I forget?
 Or there thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember Thee?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
 Or think on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
 Then I remember Thee:—

Remember Thee, and all thy pains,
 And all thy love to me;
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee,
 When Thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
 Good Lord, remember me.

HYMN CXLVII.

“ I am the light of the world.”—*John ix. 5.*

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come, and by thy love revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath:—
 The new heaven and earth's Creator,
 On our deepest darkness rise!
 Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
 Pouring day-light on our eyes.

Still we wait for thine appearing,
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Ev'ry poor benighted heart;—
 Come, and manifest the favour
 God hath for the ransom'd race;
 Come, thou gracious God and Saviour,
 Come, and bring the gospel grace!

Save us in thy great compassion,
 O thou mild pacific prince!
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins!

By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Ev'ry burthen'd soul release;
 By the shining of thy Spirit,
 Guide us into perfect peace.

HYMN CXLVIII.

"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God."—
Psalm lxxxvii. 3.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God!
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for his own abode:
 On the rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See! the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Will supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove:
 Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
 For the Lord, its source and giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

HYMN CXLIX.

"Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted,
 because they are not."—*Matt. ii. 18.*

WEEP, weep not o'er thy children's tomb,
 O Rachel! weep not so:
 The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
 The flower in heaven shall blow.

Firstlings of faith ! the murderer's knife
 Hath miss'd its deadly aim !
 The God, for whom they gave their life,
 For them to suffer came.

Though evil were thy days and few,
 Baptiz'd in blood and pain,
 He knows them whom they never knew,
 And they shall live again.

Then weep not o'er thy children's tomb,
 O Rachel ! weep not so :
 The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
 The flower in heaven shall blow.

HYMN CL.

“ Walk worthy of God, who hath called you unto his kingdom.”
1 Thess. ii. 12.

CAN life in them deserve the name,
 Who only live to prove
 For what poor toys they can disclaim
 An endless life above ?

Who disregard that holy day,
 Which God has call'd his own ;
 Who spend it in unhallow'd play,
 And worship chance alone ?

To live to God, is to requite
 His love as best we may ;
 To make his precepts our delight,
 His promises our stay.

He lives, who lives to God alone,
 And all are dead beside ;
 For other source than God is none,
 Whence life can be supplied.

HYMN CLI.

“ The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.”—*Eph.* vi. 17.

O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Baptize the nations; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

God from eternity hath will'd
All flesh shall his salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfill'd,
The Saviour's suff'rings crown'd through Thee.

HYMN CLII.

“ He forgetteth not the cry of the humble.”—*Psalms* ix. 12.

SAVIOUR! when in dust to thee,
Low we bow th' adoring knee;
When repentant to the skies
Scarce we raise our streaming eyes—
Oh! by all the pain and woe,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By thy helpless infant years,
 By thy life of want and tears,
 By thy days of sore distress
 In the savage wilderness,
 By the dread permitted hour
 Of th' insulting tempter's power ;
 Turn, oh turn, a favouring eye—
 Hear our solemn Litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept
 O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept ;
 By the boding tears that flow'd
 Over Salem's lov'd abode ;
 By the anguish'd sigh that told
 Treachery lurk'd within thy fold :
 From thy throne above the sky,
 Hear our solemn Litany!

By the hour of dire despair,
 By thine agony of prayer ;
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear and tort'ring scorn ;
 By the gloom that veil'd the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice ;
 Listen to our humble cry—
 Hear our solemn Litany.

By the deep expiring groan,
 By the sad sepulchral stone ;
 By the vault, whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God :
 Oh ! from earth to heaven restor'd,
 Mighty re-ascended Lord,
 Listen ! listen to our cry—
 Hear our solemn Litany!

HYMN CLIII.

“ My soul doth magnify the LORD, and my spirit hath rejoiced in
God my Saviour.”—*Luke* i. 46, 47.

OUR souls shall magnify the Lord,
In Him our spirits shall rejoice ;
Assembled here with sweet accord,
Our hearts shall praise Him with our voice.

Since He regards our low estate,
And hears his handmaids when they pray,
We humbly plead at mercy's gate,
Where none are ever turn'd away.

Didst Thou not give thy Son to die
For our transgressions, in our stead ?
And can thy goodness aught deny
To those for whom thy Son hath bled ?

May we thy law of love fulfil,
To bear each other's burdens here ;
Suffer and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.

Then may our union, here begun,
Endure for ever firm and free ;
At thy right hand may we be one,
One with each other, one with Thee.

HYMN CLIV.

“ The God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord
Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the
everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do
his will.”—*Heb.* xiii. 20, 21.

FATHER of peace, and God of love !
We own thy power to save,
That power by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

Him from the dead Thou brought'st again,
 When, by his sacred blood,
 Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore,
 Th' eternal covenant stood.

O may thy Spirit guide our souls,
 And mould them to thy will,
 That our weak hearts no more may stray,
 But keep thy precepts still;

That to perfection's sacred height
 We nearer still may rise;
 And all we think, and all we do,
 Be pleasing in thine eyes!

HYMN CLV.

"Alleluia: for the LORD GOD omnipotent reigneth."—*Rev.* xix. 6.

HARK! the song of Jubilee;
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore:
 Hallelujah! for the Lord,
 God omnipotent, shall reign;
 Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies:
 See Jehovah's banners furl'd,
 Sheath'd his sword: He speaks—'tis done,
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
 With the most unbounded sway;
 He shall reign, when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens have pass'd away:
 Then at last,—beneath his rod,
 Man's last enemy shall fall;
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,
 God in Christ is all in all.

HYMN CLVI.

“To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion
 and power, both now and ever. Amen.”—*Jude 25.*

TO God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.

'Tis his Almighty love,
 His counsel and his care,
 Preserves us safe from sin and death,
 And every hurtful snare.

He will present our souls,
 Unblemish'd and complete,
 Before the glory of his face,
 With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne,
 Shall bless the riches of his grace,
 And make his wonders known.

To our Redeemer, God,
 Almighty power belongs,
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And everlasting songs.

HYMN CLVII.

“ The grace of the LORD JESUS CHRIST, and the love of G
the communion of the HOLY GHOST, be with you all. A
2 *Cor.* xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys, which earth cannot afford.

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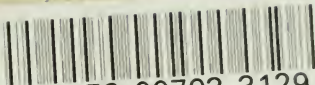


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